

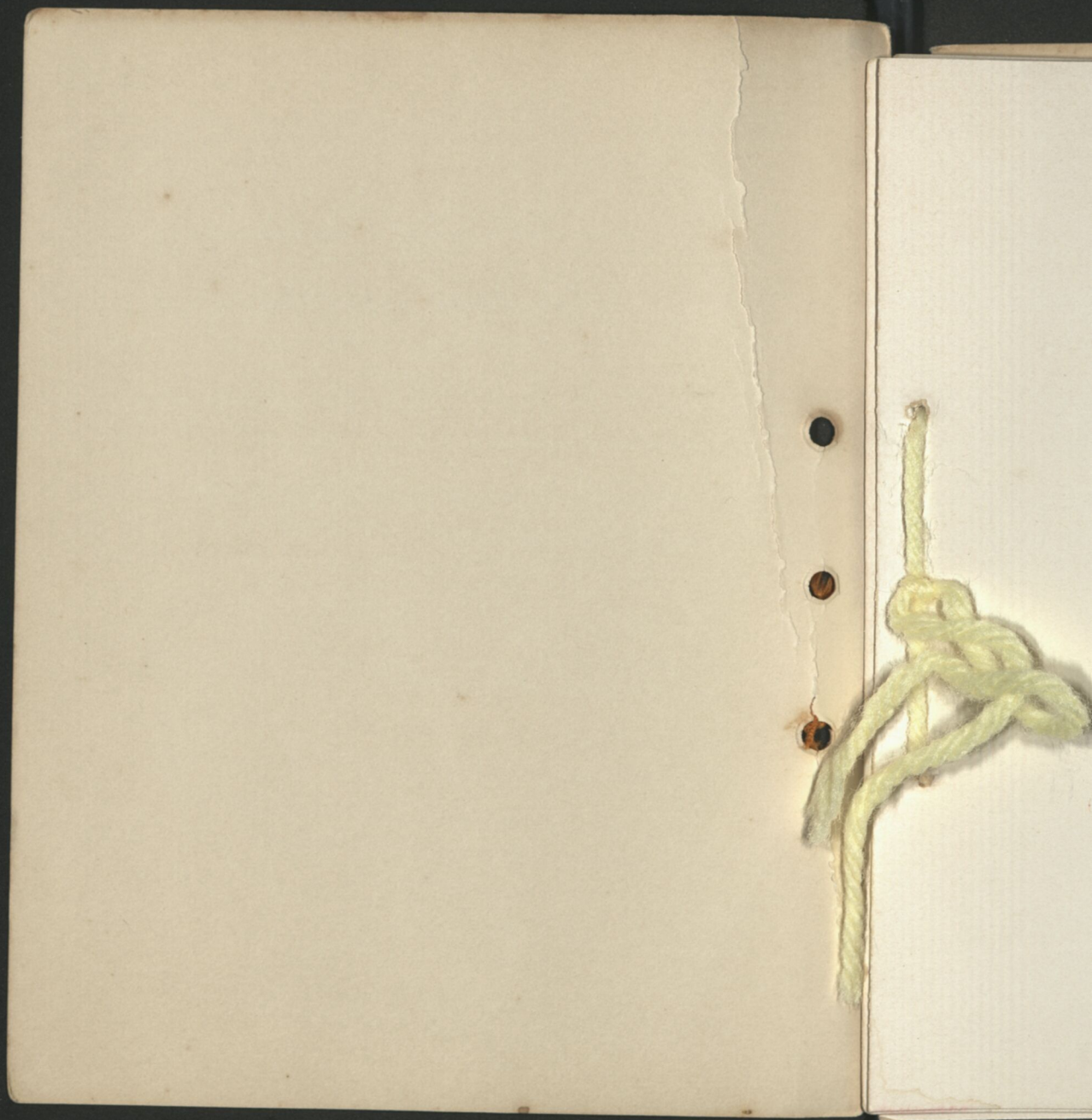
THE GOLDEN ROD

AND

Other Poems,

BY

ANNA GARDNER.



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"No holy sacra
Save that of
Our faith is in
Our creed is

The † Golden † Rod †

AND

OTHER * POEMS *

BY

Anna Gardner.

*"No holy sacrament we ken,
Save that of doing good;
Our faith is in our fellow men,
Our creed is brotherhood."*

F. M. Holland.

*"One impulse from the vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."*

Wordsworth.

Nantucket, Mass., 1894.

SECOND EDITION.

INQUIRER AND MIRROR PRESS.

THE GOLDEN-ROD.

In sun-smit splendor lavishly
Upon our commons wide,
Blazes the plumed autumnal flower
That lifts its head beside
The aster and her sisters bright.
Gaily we see it nod
In ev'ry breeze that passes by—
The queen-like golden-rod.

It teaches lessons of good cheer,
Each on its mission bent,
While softly to the listening ear
It whispers, "Be content,
Be cheery, hopeful, day by day,
As a brave spirit can;
Catching the sunshine we bestow
To help the lot of man."

A mass of sunshine, all aglow,
Irradiating free
Its genial warmth on human hearts,
In loving sympathy—
Oh, precious are these golden blooms
That sprang from lifeless clod!
They bring us near to Nature's heart—
Close to the heart of God.
NANTUCKET, Sept. 27, 1893.



SPRING.

Sweet Spring, instinct with teeming life,
Renaissance of the year,
With bursting leaves, unfolding buds,
And balmy breath, draws near!

The crocus and the daffodil
Beneath the snow-bound earth
Awaited patiently and long
The advent of their birth.

They lift on high their flower-crowned heads,
Fair leaders of the train—
The proud procession of the flowers
That through the seasons reign.

We follow Flora's gentle step
In the deep woodland set,
Where creeps the lovely arbutus,
Where hides the violet.

The folded petals of the rose,
The pink and lily fair,
Awaiting their perfected hour,
Hold perfumes sweet and rare.

A gospel we may trace in flowers
By lessons ever new;
Where'er they gem the broad-spread land,
Divinity shines through.

All Nature is instinct with life,
God's spirit flames through sense;
And the bright blossoms everywhere
Reveal Omnipotence.



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THE LILY.

Lines suggested by a fine illustration in a sermon delivered in Nantucket, September, 1892, by Rev. Cyrus A. Roys.

When the fair lily with its petals free
Is broad expanded, all in beauty rife,
It has not reached its perfect entity—
Its full, completed life.

That bloom is but a process, not an end;
A subtler, grander work it still must do;
Its vital force to growth must wholly bend—
To building life anew.

Lessons from Nature he who runs may read,
Behold the lily as a symbol clear
Of human life, that should work on, nor need
Surcease as death draws near.

ADDRESSED TO MY FRIEND, C. B.

These daisies each with golden disk,
All wet with morning dew,
With petals fair from whitened fields
Were gathered fresh for you.

Into the city's dust and drought,
Into the city's din—
The whispered message of the woods
In accents soft they bring.

Love blossoms in each leaf and bud
That opens to the sun—
Pouring a benediction free
On each and every one.

Blithe summer's steps so graceful glide
O'er field and lawn and lea :
Linger! O, linger by our side
In loving ministry!

While reverently we lay our ear
Close to dear Nature's heart,
And listen to the accents clear
Her perfumed lips impart.

She speaks in mystic lines of thought,
Melodious and low,
Lessons of truth the soul has sought
Through innate faith to know.

That Nature's ways are ways divine—
Her laws of growth God's laws,
Tracing from seed to worlds sublime,
One ever-moving cause.

That cause all veiled from mortal sight,
That spiritual goal,
Is the true source of life and light,
The magnet of the soul.

SUMMER ON NANTUCKET ISLAND.

Lines read by the author at a reception given to The Nantucket Sorosis and other friends by Mrs. Caroline Parker Hills, and dedicated to the hostess.

'Tis deep mid-summer: O'er the plains,
And up the sloping heights,
In flower-crowned beauty summer reigns,
And every heart delights.

With promise rich of fruitage ripe
And golden grain, that slow
Revolves to reach a perfect type,
Its heart is all aglow.

O, swift procession, lovely flowers
That follow in her wake:
Too swift alas! prolong the hours!
O, why so soon forsake

The odorous fields—the grounds, the meads;
Rain would we hold you back,
Recoiling at the thought that leads
To Winter's cheerless track.

We wander in the gay parterre
While blossoms fresh unfold—
The rose superb—the lily fair—
The brilliant marigold.



True-hearted women can afford
 Proud Fashion to defy!
 With sweet Compassion's inward grace
 No outward plume can vie.

THE WANTON DESTRUCTION OF BIRDS.

High up, 'mid leaves of sycamore,
Now stirring—now at rest,
Behold the gold-flaked oriole
Perched on its hanging nest!

List to its mellow, cheery notes
That thrugh the woodlands ring,
And see it leap from bough to bough,
With brilliant flashing wing.

Sweet, darling songster of the woods,
Bartered at Fashion's mart!
Cruel the hand which brings thee down,
More cruel still the heart

Of Fashion's votary who feels
No shrinking, quivering dread
To see its plumage ruthless wrenched,
So vanity be fed!

As ornament by woman worn,
What a reproach to see
This salient mark of savage life,
This sign of cruelty.

Of harmony to which all things are set—
 Matter and mind, pulsating each to each,
 New veins of richest thought will open yet,
 And star-eyed Science nobler lessons teach.
 The waiting world beholds the slanting light
 Of a great future, as it grandly looms
 From the horizon's verge upon our sight,
 And with its kindling rays in beauty blooms.
 Breaking in roscate gleams along the line
 Of the world's progress, giving hope and cheer,
 A fair, a glowing prospect, and a sign
 That day from darkened centuries draws near:—
 The day when truth shall throw aside for aye
 The veil of mist by dim tradition wrought,
 And boldly climb the heaven-lit peaks of day,
 Its streaming light upon her forehead caught:—
 The day when truth her votaries may lead
 Out of the paths of error deeply trod,
 Up, where the spirit of mankind is freed,
 Into the liberty of sons of God:—
 Up to that atmosphere in which the soul,
 With aspirations better understood,
 Vibrates forever to a conscious goal
 Of faith and trust in the eternal good.

Lines suggested by a sermon delivered in Nantucket by
Rev. John A. Savage, from the text, "We all do fade as a leaf."
"We all do fade and wither as a leaf"—
But know that life is nourished by decay.
Nature preserves the germ—the withered leaf
Of life renewed is sign and prophecy.

As tender rootlets thrill, and push and climb,
The spirit merges from the shades of night,
It grows from an instinctive force sublime,
And struggles ever upward to the light.

Mysterious growth of stem and leaf and bud,
Unfolding slowly to perfected fruit—
Symbols of progress, of eternal good,
Of mind evolving from a germ minute.

Out of the heart of being is unrolled
The soul divine, with purpose grand and high,
Nature and mind in shining leaves unfold
A gospel clear to guide our footsteps by.

Led by the rays of Wisdom's rising star
Through labyrinths of thought, great truths to see,
Through worlds on worlds in shining ether far
We read a law of cosmic unity:—

It must not be of alien stock,
"But to the manner born;"
In bounty spread from sea to sea,
Behold the Indian corn!
The corn—the golden corn we choose
From hill and field and lawn
As emblem fittest, truest, best—
All hail the Indian corn!
Symbolic of initial growth
The tiny blades appear,
And for the rearing of the State
The full corn in the ear.
Its silken, tasselled folds
Our standard will adorn.
In mystic union, strength and grace
Are symbolized in corn!

THE NATIONAL FLOWER.

The Queen of flowers for England

Will blossom ever free,

And as a symbol, sunny France

Adopts the *fleur de lis*.

An emblem National as yet

Columbia awaits.

What blossom shall we gather for

Our family of States?

What graceful emblem shall we choose
To symbolize its life—

Its grand career—its forward march,

With wealth of beauty rife—

What plant of occidental growth,

Fast-rooted—towering high

Erect and free—Our Nation's strength

Would fittest typify?

GENUINENESS.

How grand the soul that moves serene
All sordid aims, above—
That dwells with Truth—and ever in
An atmosphere of love!

Star-like that soul will brightly shine
Through all the centuries.
It conquers life—it conquers death—
It does not *seem*—but *is*.

VICTORY SHALL BE OUR WATCHWORD.

— —

Written for the Nantucket Woman Suffrage Convention.

[Air—"Hold the Fort."]

Bravely work, O friends of Suffrage!
See the dawning light
Slanting in from the great Future,
Through the shades of night.

CHORUS.

For our cause to "touch its triumph"
Lo, the hour draws near!
Victory shall be our watchword!
Sound it loud and clear.

List to the response of Justice,
Heard on ev'ry hand,
Women now shall be enfranchised,
Rings out through the land.

CHORUS.

For our cause to "touch its triumph"
Lo, the hour draws near!
Victory shall be our watchword!
Sound it loud and clear.

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After thirty years of pleading,
Justice must prevail—
Help us, brothers, in the conflict,
Help! we shall not fail.

CHORUS.

For our cause to "touch its triumph"
Lo, the hour draws near!
Victory shall be our watchword!
Sound it loud and clear.

Build anew fair Freedom's Temple—
Build for one and all.
O, let not our great Republic
Topple to its fall!

CHORUS.

For our cause "to touch its triumph"
Lo, the hour draws near!
Victory shall be our watchword!
Sound it loud and clear.

Proud shall wave our starry banner
O'er a land so free,
When alike its sons and daughters
Boast of Liberty!

CHORUS.

For our cause to "touch its triumph"

Lo, the hour draws near!

Victory shall be our watchword!

Sound it loud and clear.

January 19, 1885.



Read by
land Woman
anniversary

Read by the author at a reception given by The New England Woman's Club to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, on the seventieth anniversary of her birthday.

List to the silvery bells of time
That ring out seventy years!
With every sweet and varied chime
Some new-fledged grace appears

To ornament the life of her
Whose laurels never fade,
But greener, fresher seem to grow
With every new decade.

To one we love and reverence
For nobleness of life—
For high endeavor and a hope
To terminate all strife

By earnest word—by work and song,
That shall the world endow,
We tender gratefully this toast
To Julia Ward Howe.

O, kindred country—freedom loving France!
Woman is still enthralled—injustice rend!
Unsheath thy sword—wield free thy sharpened lance
Of reason—argument—her cause defend.

Join with Columbia's sons to speed the time
When man and woman shall alike be free.
There is no grander work or more sublime.
The world awaits that larger Liberty.

Think how a woman's skill so bravely led
Embattled hosts on War's triumphant field!
No purer martyr for your country bled—
No whiter lily on your nation's shield.



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THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

I stand the herald of advancing time
Not for what is—but for what is to be —
A harbinger of victory sublime,
When nations far and wide shall all be free.

When Woman shall assume her nobler state,
Casting aside the baubles of today.
I stand a warder at the opening gate
Whence gleam the rays of that bright century.

I stand the symbol—the ideal dream
Of what the mother of the race may be—
The future woman—in whose dark eyes gleam
Love, faith and hope—the Child of Destiny.

I stand for Liberty—for Truth and Right,
Holding the tablet of the "Higher Law."
I lift my torch earth's darkened paths to light—
Through ways of peace to lead red-handed War.

I stand for Liberty—my eyes intent
Upon the kindling East—the woman's morn.
From the old world republic I am sent
Synbol of Freedom! here to be re-born.

REWARD OF MERIT.

Lines suggested by witnessing the awarding of medals at the Unitarian Church at Nantucket, to the heroes of the Coskata Life-saving Station, who rescued the shipwrecked mariners on the wreck of the H. P. Kirkham.

The Winter sun, unclouded, bright,
Looked down upon a noble sight

On January, ninety-three,
When eight brave seamen joyfully

Marched to a church in double file
On old Nantucket's sea-girt isle,

Their promised medals to receive;
And thus a record to achieve,

For deeds of daring on the sea,
Reflecting on humanity

The lustre of a noble will,
Which shall the law of love fulfil.

The story that was told that day
Of self-forgetful bravery

No lapse of time or change of place
From memory's tablet can efface:

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A thrilling tale of seamen, who
Went forth to save a famished crew

Shipwrecked upon a dangerous reef,
And sorely suffering for relief.

All night upon the outstretched shore,
'Mid fearful winds and tempest's roar,

The watchmen trod the yielding sand,
And kept their steady beats—a band

One with another vying brave,
Some shipwrecked sailor's life to save.

But on the heaving sea no sail
Was seen in that tremendous gale.

Amid the atmosphere so chill
Within the patrol's heart a thrill

Of hope and joy went beating on,
When *sure* no sailor's heart forlorn

In desperate hope his life to save
From sinking in a watery grave,

Was struggling seen, or near or far,
Fast clinging to some ice-bound spar.

The morning dawned; and with delight
They hailed the re-appearing light.

Quick to the station they returned
For rest which they had dearly earned;

But rest and sleep they were denied.
From Sankaty a light was spied—

A signal of distress was seen—
The land and far Bass Rip between;

Now boys, the Keeper cried, prepare—
Whate'er betide, the waves we'll dare,

Our staunch life-boat is lying free,
We'll launch it on the tossing sea;

Though death yawn—we will duty do
And bring to land that shipwrecked crew.

No thought of rest—but hastily
Back to the beach they bent their way;

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The boat was launched, the sails were set,
And hour by hour the wild winds met.

Hard pulling; but they reached the wreck
Where bounding billows swamped the deck;

The vessel to its starboard rail
Had sunk from view; no rag of sail

Or aught but rigging could be seen,
With the poor struggling men between.

In unison, with nerves of steel,
They plied the oar and steering wheel;

With skilful hand they kept afloat,
And with the current dropped the boat.

It was a crucial moment, when
To the half-crazed, half-starving men

The rope and the bow-line were flung;
As life or death for both crews hung

On the adjustment of that rope—
One movement rash— an end to hope;

The angry waves in such a sea
Would swallow all remorselessly.

Demoralized by suffering
They hauled the line—essayed to cling;

Brave Keeper Chase the danger saw;
Prompt was his judgment—free from flaw;

He stood erect and gave command
With mien that all could understand.

Make that line fast, or this boat-knife
Shall cut the rope that saves your life!

I have charge here!—electric word—
As with galvanic power it stirred

The torpid sufferers to a sense
Of *that* act's fatal consequence.

Seven wretched sailors, one by one,
Were rescued ere the set of sun;

They left the wreck, and homeward now,
Still undismayed, they turned their prow.

Long was the struggle back to shore,
But patiently each plied his oar;

The wind was high—the tide adverse—
Though hard their fate, it might be worse.

What was it gained the victory
O'er wind and tide and raging sea?

Was it the stalwart arm—brute strength,
By which they conquered all at length,

Making a harbor, perils o'er,
Quite safe on Siasconset shore?

It was *determined will*—their aim
To do their duty—with no claim

To recompense or honor more
Than that which each man's office bore.

The thought of self had vanished quite,
Their souls had reached a lofty height

Of noble instinct—purpose grand;
'Twas *that* which nerved both heart and hand.

To do their duty they were bound,
And grand success their efforts crowned.

The station and Coskata light
Were in the care that fearful night

Of *one lone woman*—leal and true,
While all was drear and wild winds blew ;

She was the Keeper's faithful wife,
Her *deed* a *prayer* for saving life.



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To deliver duty they were
And grand success there

The station and the
Were in the care of

Of one lone woman
While all was done

She was the first
Her first a great





